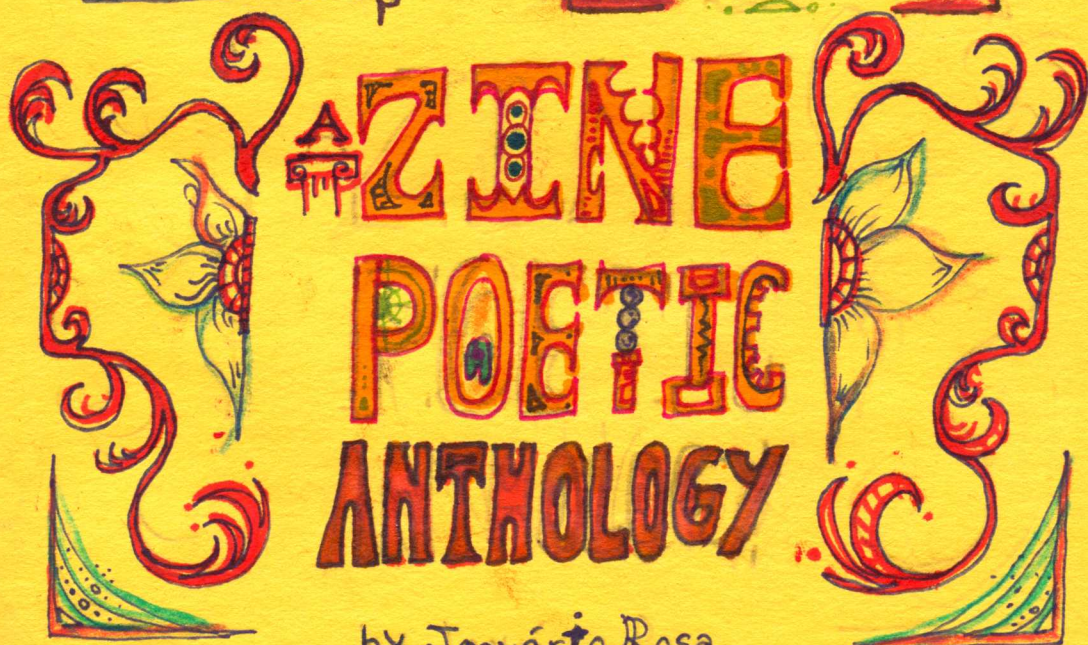


1
defin.: [lu:kũ:] lūcūm · Latin · "of light"



poems
about
light



by Jonvário Rosa

WEST OAKLAND STATION



s the aluminum eel of the train
punches up through the hollow needle
stuck between SF & the East Bay

a new passenger
comes aboard
the SUN

a proverbial Eos
the Dawn herself

half-present in self-subservient metaphor
runs her warming thumbs
in a familiar groove
around my eyes
I break the hourglass
and drink the sand.



here, light is an invasive species
land scrubbed, clawed bare of brush & bush
there's a reason that to breed light is to blight
an ixionistic interrogatory eye
that cannot see without scalding
like killing weeds with boiling water
deluding yourself to hear in nature's dying breaths
the approaching echo of a battle cry
No diplomat between stone and sky





3
industry pulls us up from beneath the Earth
by the roots
and lies prostrate before us
this atrophied valve of commerce
covering the floor

with the totality and poor taste of a mink rug
silver fillings crammed into the mouth of the Bay
Eos leans down to kiss the ground in greeting
only for her lips to meet a twisted ferrous mask
a blanket of ursuline alloy
unseemly, unsightly
unyielding, unfeeling
Eos weeps.

When will we be granted the privilege
of verdant, voluntary darkness?
the right to walk unseen without leaving our footprints
in a non-optional ocean of ash?
which **BART** line goes to the Garden of eden?
the parasitic framework hounds of the port cranes
are guard dogs, gargoyles as much as they are tools
taxonomically closer to a cop
than a hammer or a wrench
the energy that hell holds abundant
in its cuffed linked hands
is not fire. it is light
the blonde heraldess
of intangible ruin.

EMOTIONALLY EXPENSIVE GUEST ★ STAR




you were a dream I cursed myself by having
forgive me for cherishing such a quiet morning
in my defense, a dream is a shield against despair
forgive me for allowing me to forget myself
in my defense, a dream snuffed out
is the flame of a future extinguished

I ought to spare you the gavel
you cannot be expected to try to fix
that which you didn't know was even broken



I am dagger-happy
a practiced excision of hope
that drains like a starving leech
awaiting you clad in spandex boddlie
to albatross me away from this
and now I can only feel your presence
and feel filthy fingers in a wide, wet gash
to hear your name & think only of the shame
of a wanting neglected, left to fester
Pavlov's gravity binding you
with coarse cord
to the cross

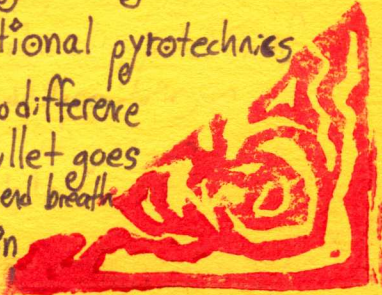


your hair smells like spirit blues
or parliaments and platonic allegory
it's not quite that you have nothing for me
but shadow puppets
it's just that I'm sorry, darling,
but I'm afraid I've got my eyes on backwards
blinded by the thick velvet cushion of my own skull
making out, through the darkness
the muted shapes of bygone dreams

.....
only a fool resents the flame for burning
I should've known by now, oh I should have known
that paper cups cannot hope to hold my tears
and you cannot fold a paper boy
into a shape that will make him love you
in a way, light is the shadow of shadow
the space around a spirit, suspended



if one kills the corner of themselves that
hopes, dares to, if that part of them is murdered
trying to blow life into the embers of esperance
can feel like a labor better left
to those who know how to raise the dead
I resent the psychological siege-theater
the compulsory emotional pyrotechnics
but I suppose it makes no difference
to the gun where the bullet goes
it's only glad to be able to send breath
down its barrel again



FORT KNIX


Culture

my hope proves
I have something worth defending
a corpse was still once a body
the ravine between
what we have
and what we think we need
can, will, has swallowed us

who tells you what you want?

obscurities & blankets that soften blows
to see something unobscured
is to be forced to meet its gaze
outer layers stripped back
exposed core beating
pumping raw fire from its mouth to yours
see desire and see an ox-driver

Why don't you have what you want?

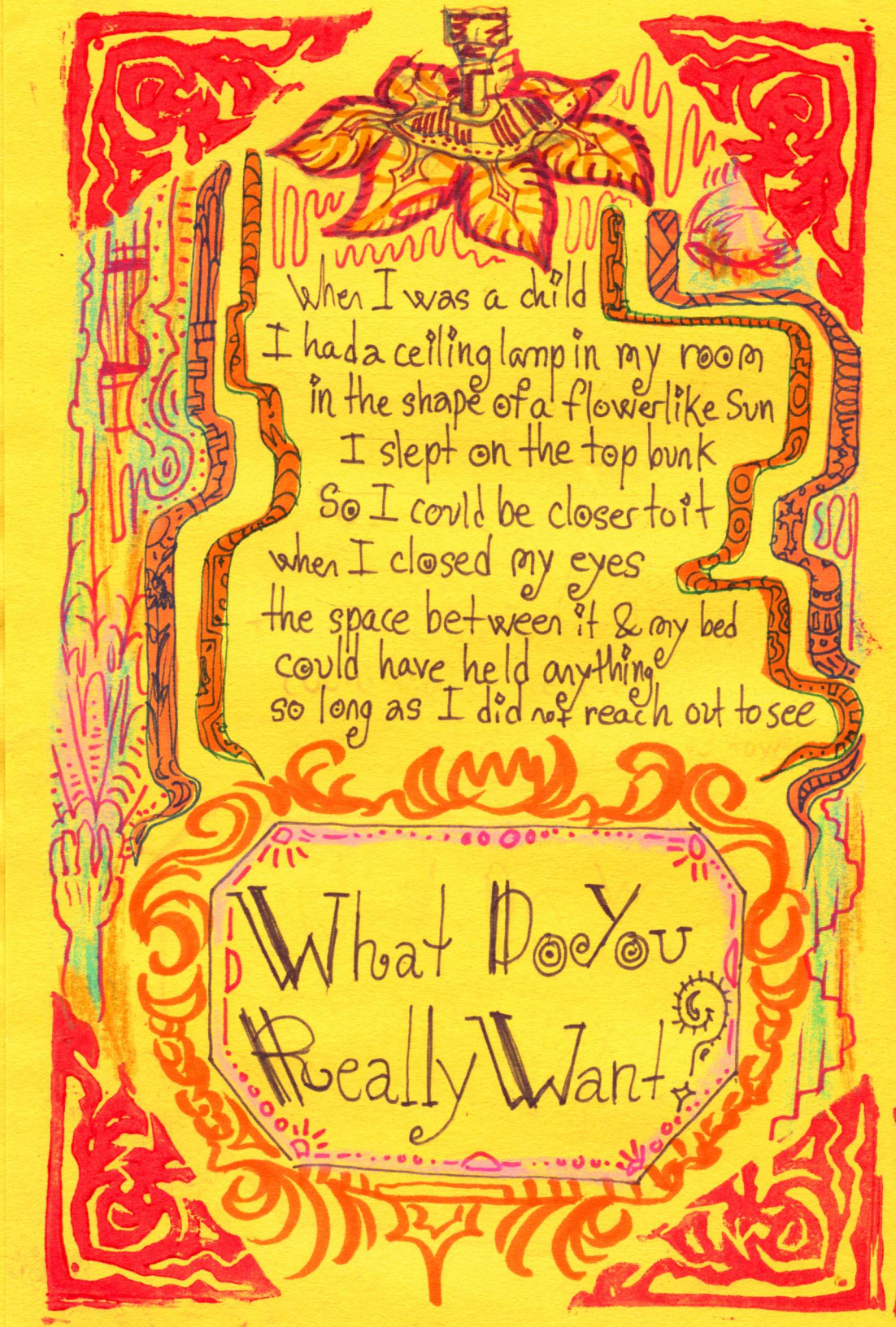


for just a moment
before the doors close
her grip can feel like an embrace,
the iron maiden of truth
each point of pain
a golden seed
on the scarlet mantle
of a strawberry
can you set the table
for a guest
who arrives unbidden?

How can you get what you want?

the pavement of personhood
is littered with chalk outlines
there is nowhere within ourselves
we can point to
and say nothing died there
no area on the stage the spotlight turns
where it won't illuminate
the shoulder the knee
the moon-still face of a cadaver
a place where nothing dies
is a place where nothing lives

What will you do
With what you want?



When I was a child
I had a ceiling lamp in my room
in the shape of a flowerlike Sun
I slept on the top bunk
So I could be closer to it
when I closed my eyes
the space between it & my bed
could have held anything
so long as I did not reach out to see

What Do You
Really Want?

Go forth, Dusk-dweller

Wink

When one awakes
before the Sun
in the same darkness the night
gently chaperoned into your sky
One may think the darkness
a guest overstaying their welcome
forgetting the way the name of day
sounds coming from your mouth
Indigo gloom
staining the glass ceiling

the early hours of morning
are not guaranteed their brightness
like in shrouding winter
when the misty tungsten chime
of rain
drowns out the flaxen sun
the day must start and end
in darkness
if you cannot recognize her face
how shall you know her shining twin?



untitled
12192024



I REFUSE
TO ENTERTAIN
ANY BETROTHAL
TO A FUTURE
without you



in
cormorant mirror

Om

twine your fingers through mine
feel the alcoves of us kiss, tectonic
a sandstone trellis you can cling to
a mouth not as in something with teeth
but as in the mouth of rivers, life giving
to pretend away from yourself
is to shroud your own beauty
be generous with the truth
of yourself



cormorant = mirror
in

DIT:
Read
in any
order
Switch
the lines
around!
Make your
own poem!

light is meaningless when severed
from warmth: antidote to hope-amnesia
a mouth is more than a wound you speak from
a mirror reflecting a mirror reflecting a mirror
safety can only truly follow
where honesty wanders
be generous with the truth
of yourself

Barry support
organizing o

(G... and the
International Un...
e frequently spoke out
connections between patient c...
rights and befriended
who cared for



MORNING

MORNING

TIME

Is it not Enough

for the soft golden light
flowing, danæic,
through the open polyester weave
in these dollar store curtains


to simply cry:

I am here

I am here


I am here?





he caresses my hair softly
and effuses my room

with a gentle champagne glow




and says the day is ready for me
I only hope
that he can excuse my ignorance


D.....
excuse how I retreat from him
the land of the living
flies the flag of an alien planet

I'm sorry for not yet knowing I'm allowed

Sorry for forcing you to choke on my fear



if you could speak between mouthfuls
if your words could reach my ears
through the refuge of the sage blanket
you would know I was not ready
for the cathedral lying in wait
you built on the foundation of my faith



let me recline into the leisure of inaction
please, five more minutes
please

Lady
Liberte



Speak

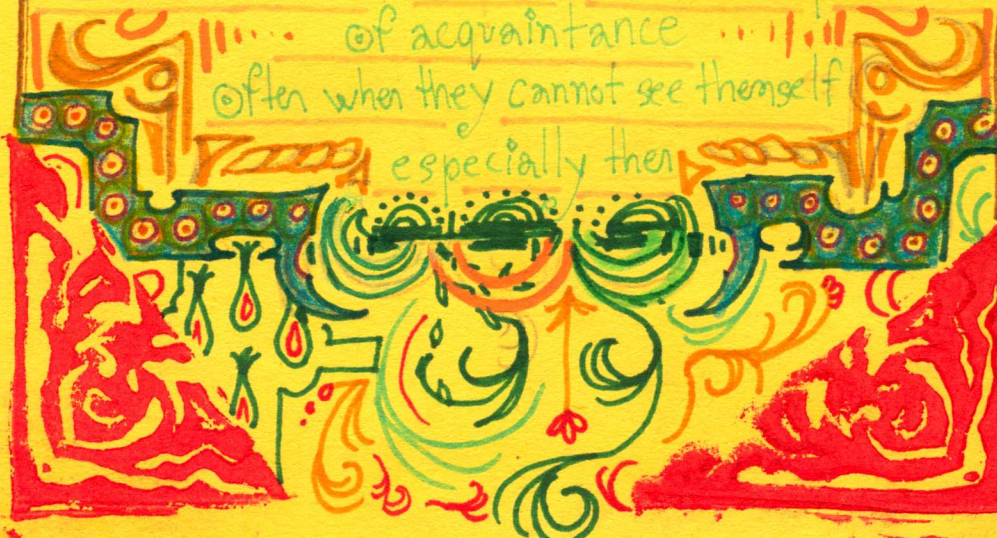
you now

in the most honest language
a soul can speak

although no barrier could prevent you from understanding
of reading the map of me nothing so rudimentary
as the human mouth could rob us so



herein lies the refuge of a friendship antiquated
each knows the other better than themselves
and needs not bother with the fickle pretense
of acquaintance
often when they cannot see themselves
especially then



Your eyes

were the kindest I ever saw myself though
I believed in me like a drowning wish

you believed in me

like a mythology

doors to your heart left ajar

in wordless, pressureless invitation

those unspooling millennia of miles between us

have no idea what they're up against

you skulk about

the heated burgundy foyers of my heart

from within, covertly cloistered,

I see your presence hyperate

the light beneath the door

even by just this obstructive pattern

this staccato slice of shadow

I would know you still



we have witnessed

each other enter

the chrysales of crisis

and through every nascent iteration

through every silver-dark cloud of phoenix ash

we have found each other, clasped our sooty hands
spat out loose teeth

at the newborn earth

like God hurling asteroids

together, together

and carried on

our friendship

a sphere

usually

for things

or math

is hestial,

you are

inhabits

of factuality

reserved

like physics

the way our love lives

perpetual, ubiquitous

the heart

that needs

n
tending

as you refract
something, glimmering
and beautiful within me
like a jeweler's roving flashlight
sending skittering fractals of ice
into the blinking chamber of a diamond
you have been aware of my goodness, my kindness,
for far, far longer than I have
I think when we say
it's a way of saying
in my soul

"I love you"
"there is a seat
with your name on it"

and so
though I must
to think of you
than you stand
hear me now
that in mind

my poet-sister
be accursed
far more often
before me
when I say
body & spirit

Kalé
estín
Koré
(Kalé estín Koré)



contemporary razier theory

do
you
need
light?

a phrase extended with more ease than greeting
it is a call more of us could learn from

"I have what you need
so I am giving it to you"



I have a vision of a Marian cross
made of discarded lighter safety caps
would our lady prefer the sleekness
of the Bic? the grip of the Clipper?
or would she see butane torches razes everything
in holy fire and feel her womb
echo with the memory of Gal?

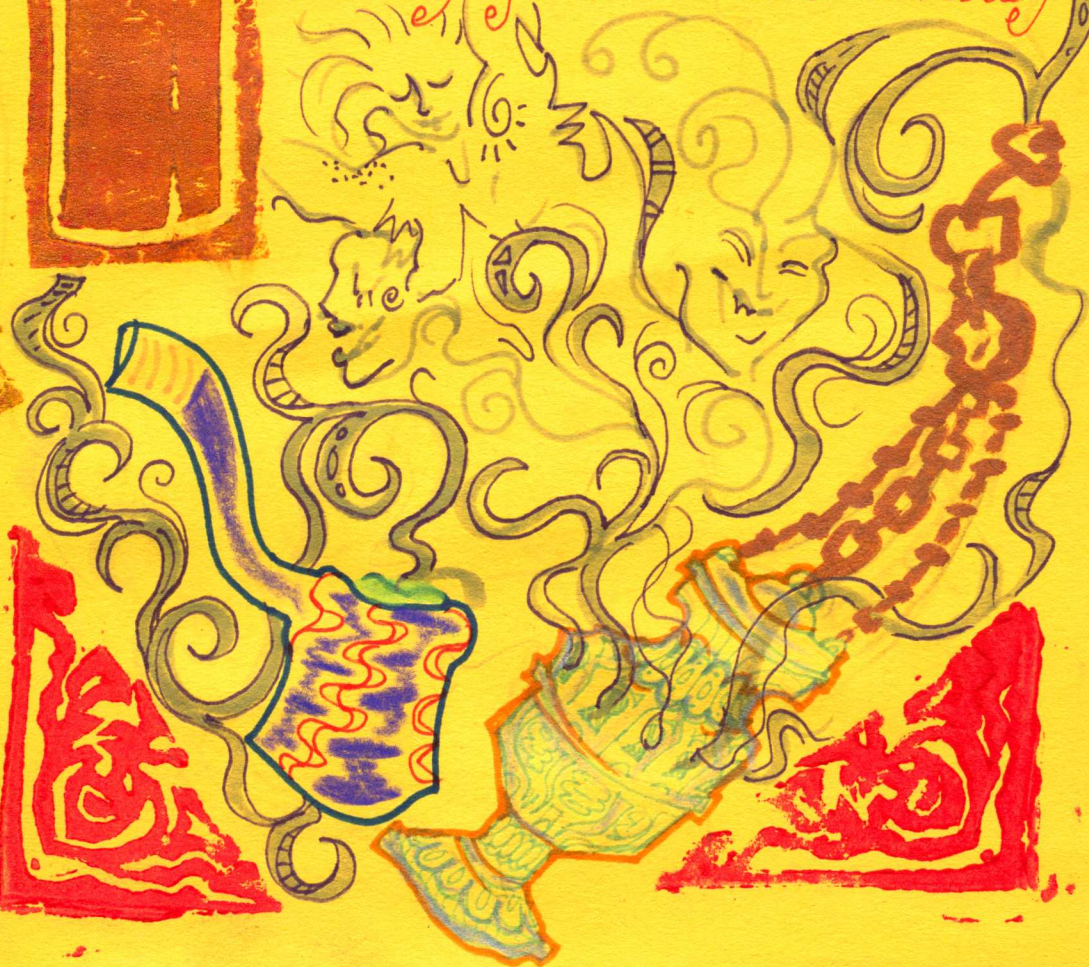


does anybody have
a light?

does anybody have blood
in their veins?



an altruistic allocation of power
into the hands and mouths and lungs
of the people who need it
interpersonally. promethean, in a way
all I'm saying is a pipe and a censer
are second cousins
all I'm saying is I meet God 3-10 times a day



fire was first brought to us

looking down from heaven's shoulder
in the shelter of a fennel stalk
look across a concert crowd
and see a garden of flame
millennia in the growing
smoke may not warm you
the way tea or blankets do
but when you welcome warmth into your life
your heart will learn
from its neighbor, the lungs
and expand

whether on the rock or the cross
eagle in feather or bronze-etched breastplate
they died so I could put this joint
up to my lips
who am I to let them die for nothing?

who are you
to kill
the christ in us?



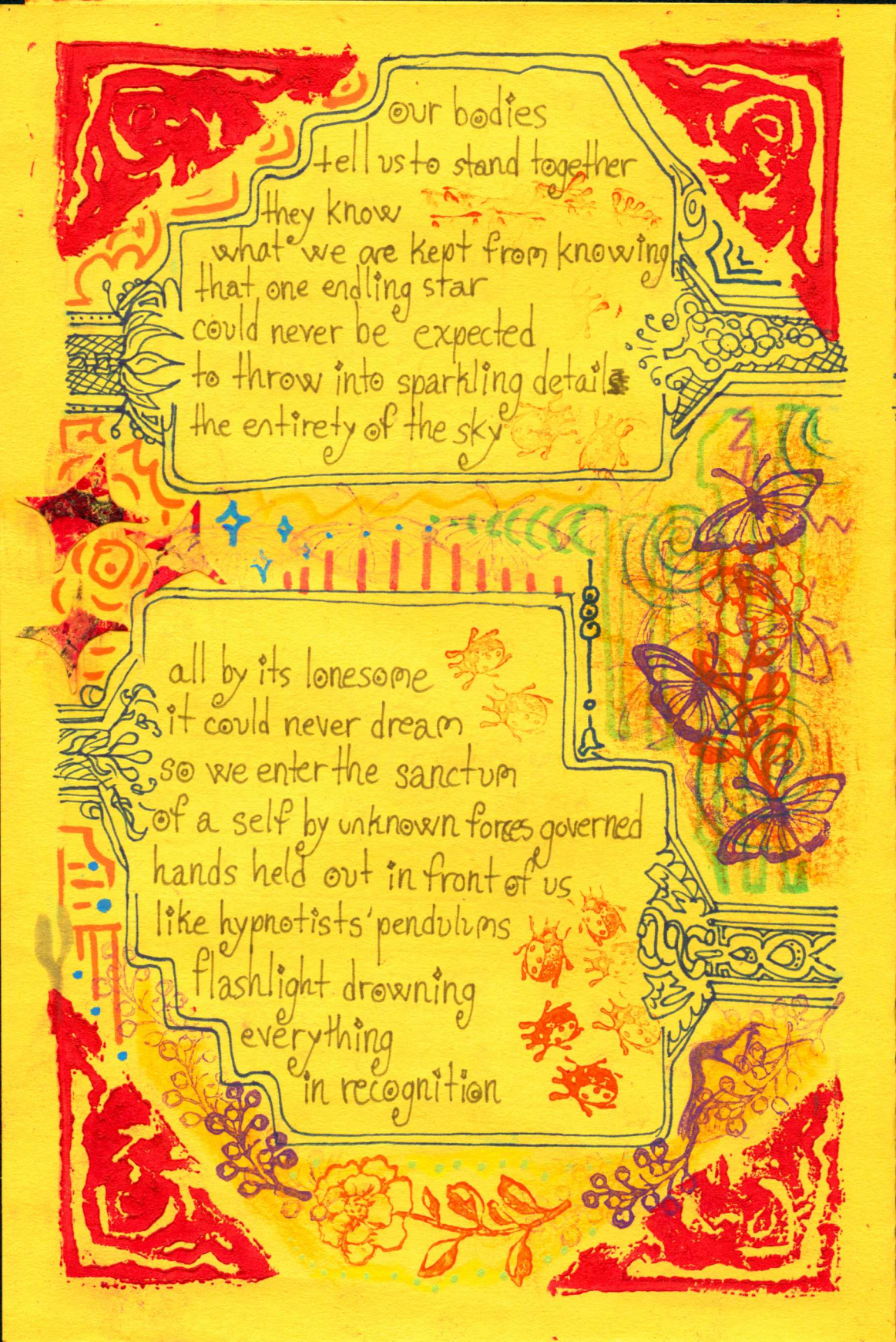
skyfishing in the infinite



we the hurt, the bruised
the children of triage
tend to shimmer in a way
only visible to each other
like gossamer glittering
when the sun notices it
just right


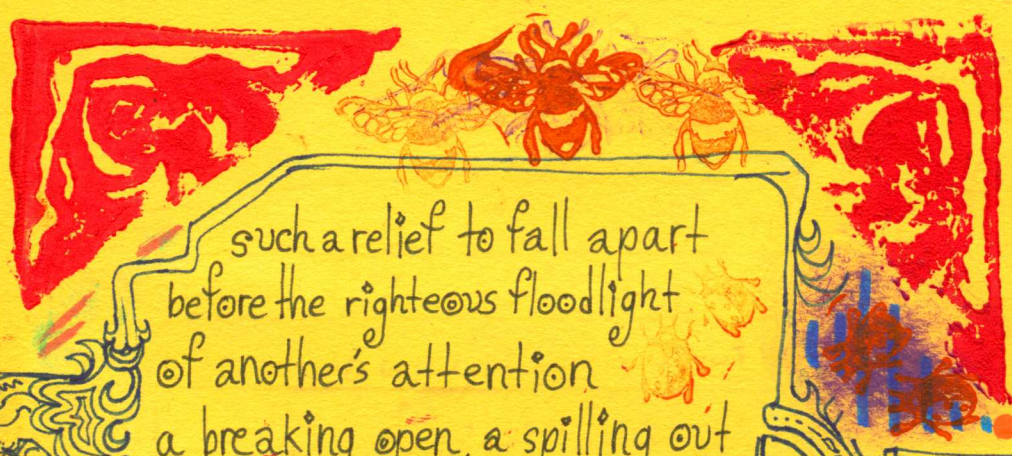
there is a healing balm
a salve
in pouring forth your honest pain
in a world where your silence
is fed to your obedience
to stand as one
huddling for warmth

WARNING KEEP AWAY FROM CHILDREN
Keep lighter away from face and clothing. Contains flammable gas
under pressure. Never expose to heat above 50°C (122°F) or to prolonged
sunlight. Never puncture or put in fire. Flame is completely
invisible. Do not keep lit
30 seconds.
0703324 5





our bodies
tell us to stand together
they know
what we are kept from knowing
that one ending star
could never be expected
to throw into sparkling detail
the entirety of the sky

all by its lonesome
it could never dream
so we enter the sanctum
of a self by unknown forces governed
hands held out in front of us
like hypnotists' pendulums
flashlight drowning
everything
in recognition






such a relief to fall apart
before the righteous floodlight
of another's attention
a breaking open, a spilling out
collapsing into a sense of truth
banishing the chains of illusion
from your tired ankles



we learn each-other backwards
bottom-up, fundamentals first
trivialities tertiary

thank you for trusting me
with the keys to the hall
of what has happened to you
it's a way we call out, quietly,



I give you
permission
to know me
the way I know
myself

